



STARMAN



5 \$1.95 US
\$2.75 CAN
£1.25 UK



ROBINSON
HARRIS
VON GRAWBODGER

HARRIS
99

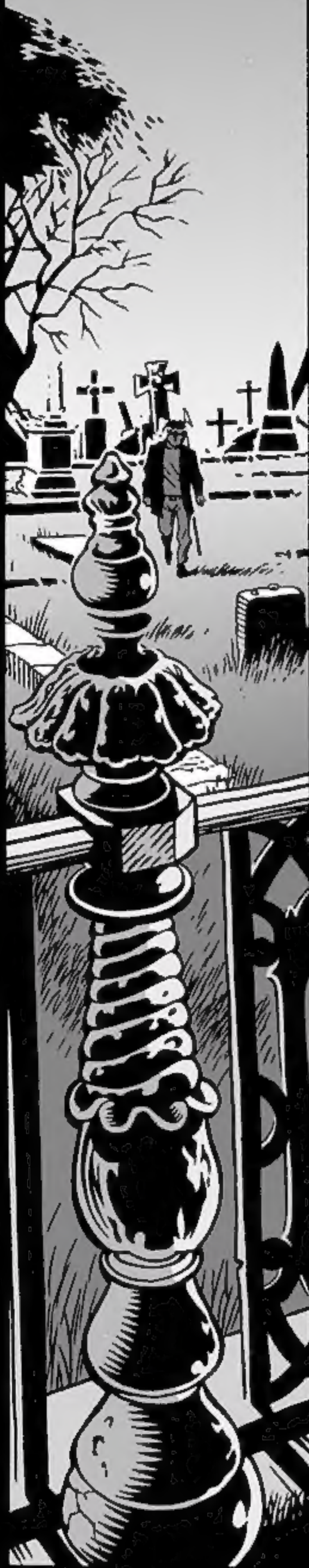


JASON DAVIS
SON OF
JACKSON DAVIS
◀ BORN ▶
JAN. 8, 1854
DIED
JAN. 28, 1870
NOT
AFRAID TO DIE

1892
C.A.

14.94





TALKING WITH DAVID, '95

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WRITER · PENCILLER
WADE VON GRAWBARGER · JOHN WORKMAN, JR.
INKER · LETTERER
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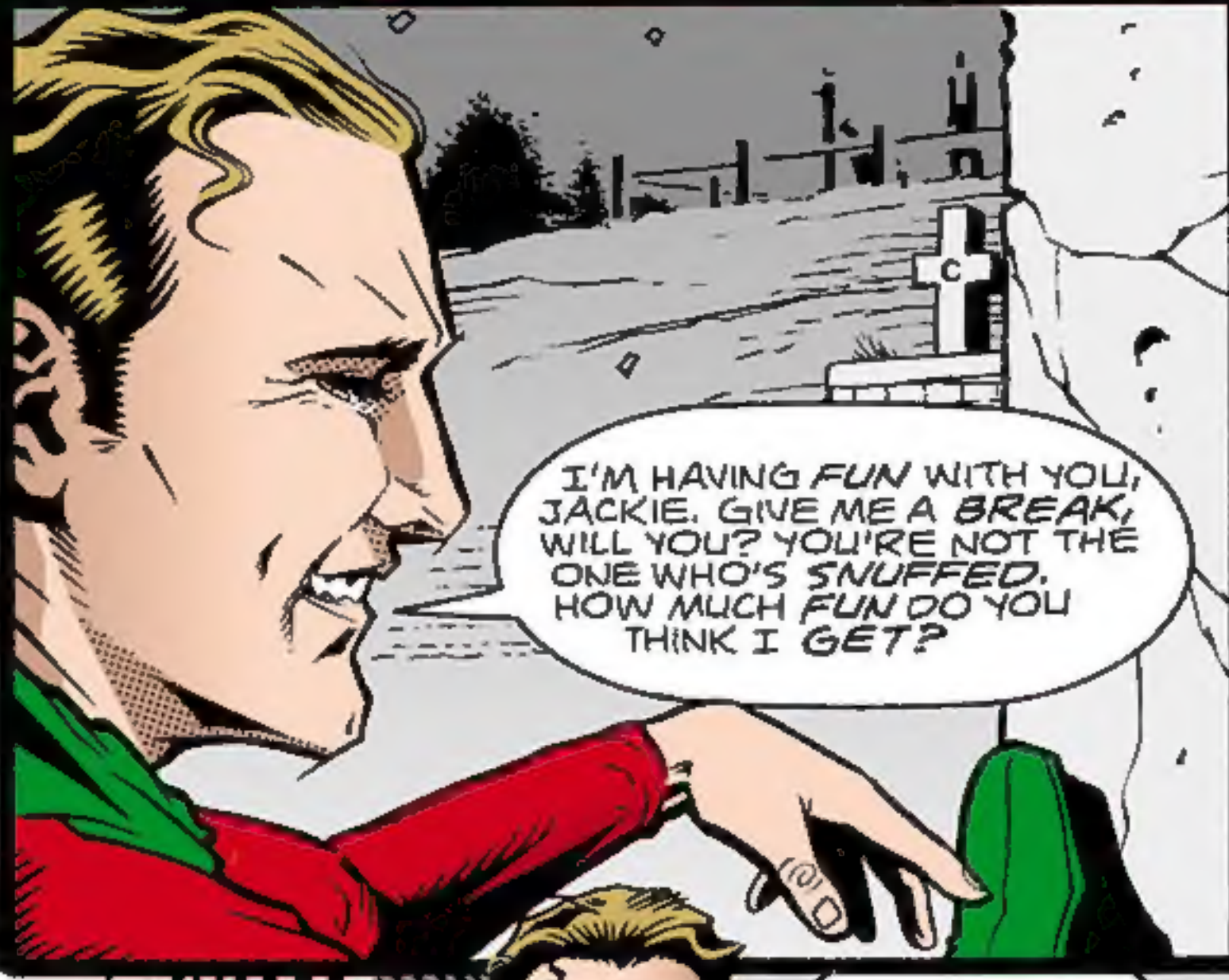
"'CAUSE"? "'CAUSE"?
"'CAUSE" IS NOT AN ANSWER.
NOT WHEN YOU'RE STARING
YOUR DEAD BROTHER IN THE
FACE. NOT WHEN YOU'RE
IN DESPERATE NEED OF
TED TURNER.

"'CAUSE"
DON'T
CUT IT.

DON'T
CARE.

WHAT *IS* IT WITH YOU?
ARE WE IN KINDERGARTEN
ALL OF A SUDDEN? "'CAUSE"
AND "DON'T CARE"? DO YOU
HAVE ANY TOYS AROUND...

...THAT
YOU CAN
NOT LET
ME PLAY
WITH?



I'M HAVING FUN WITH YOU,
JACKIE. GIVE ME A *BREAK*,
WILL YOU? YOU'RE NOT THE
ONE WHO'S *SNUFFED*.
HOW MUCH FUN DO YOU
THINK I GET?



SO WHY
ARE WE
HERE? ME
AND YOU?

MORE SPECIFI-
CALLY ME, WHY
AM *I* HERE? IF
THIS *ISN'T* A
DREAM AND IT
ISN'T THE
AFTERLIFE,
WHERE
IS IT?

I TOLD YOU
I'M NOT SAYING.
IT'S BECAUSE I
CAN'T I
PROMISED I
WOULDN'T.



BUT I CAN
TELL YOU WHY
YOU'RE WITH
ME.

OR
RATHER...



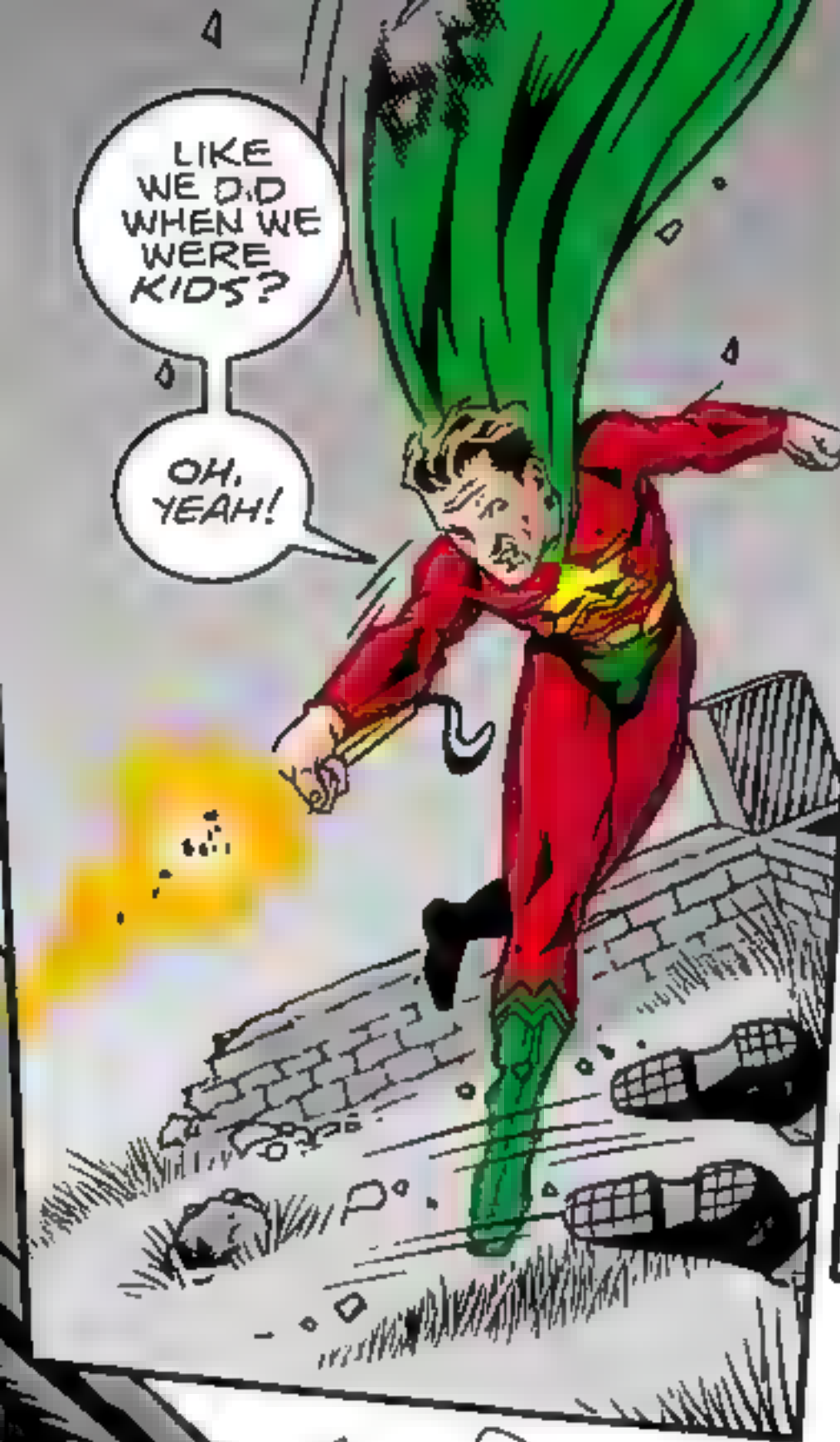
...I'LL
SHOW
YOU!

1896

H.94









DAVEY!
NUH...

...NUH, NO,
GOD NO!
NOT AGAIN!







THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, LOOK AT THIS MESS. ALL THESE PEOPLE STREWN EVERYWHERE.

MY FAULT? SINCE WHEN?



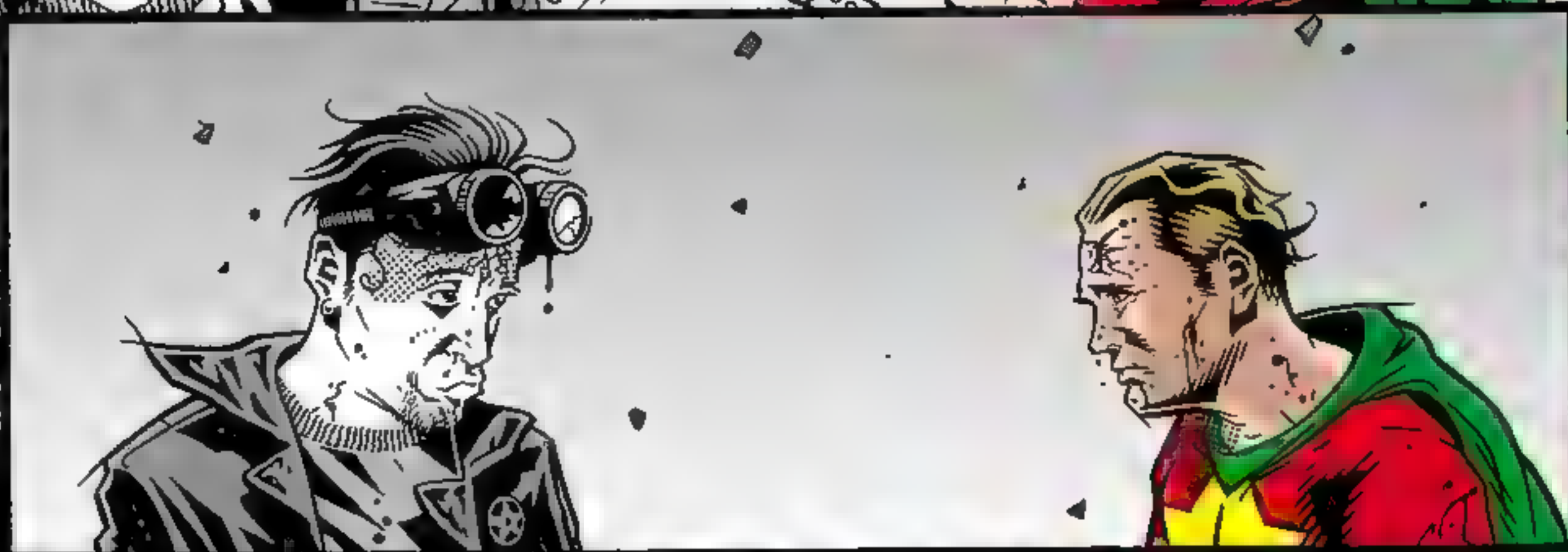
YOU JUMPED ME. YOU ATTACKED ME. I JUST DEFENDED MYSELF.

YOU BLASTED.



NO, YOU BLASTED FIRST, IT WAS YOU!

AND YOU BLASTED BACK.



SO WE BOTH DID IT.

YEAH, I GUESS WE DID.

LET'S GO FIND SOME SHOVELS. MAYBE WE CAN FIX SOME OF THIS.



MAN, YOU COULD NOT PAY ME ENOUGH TO DO THIS FOR A LIVING. WHAT A GHASTLY JOB.

IT'S HONEST WORK. THERE'VE BEEN GRAVE DIGGERS LONGER THAN THERE HAVE BEEN JUNK DEALERS, THAT'S FOR SURE.



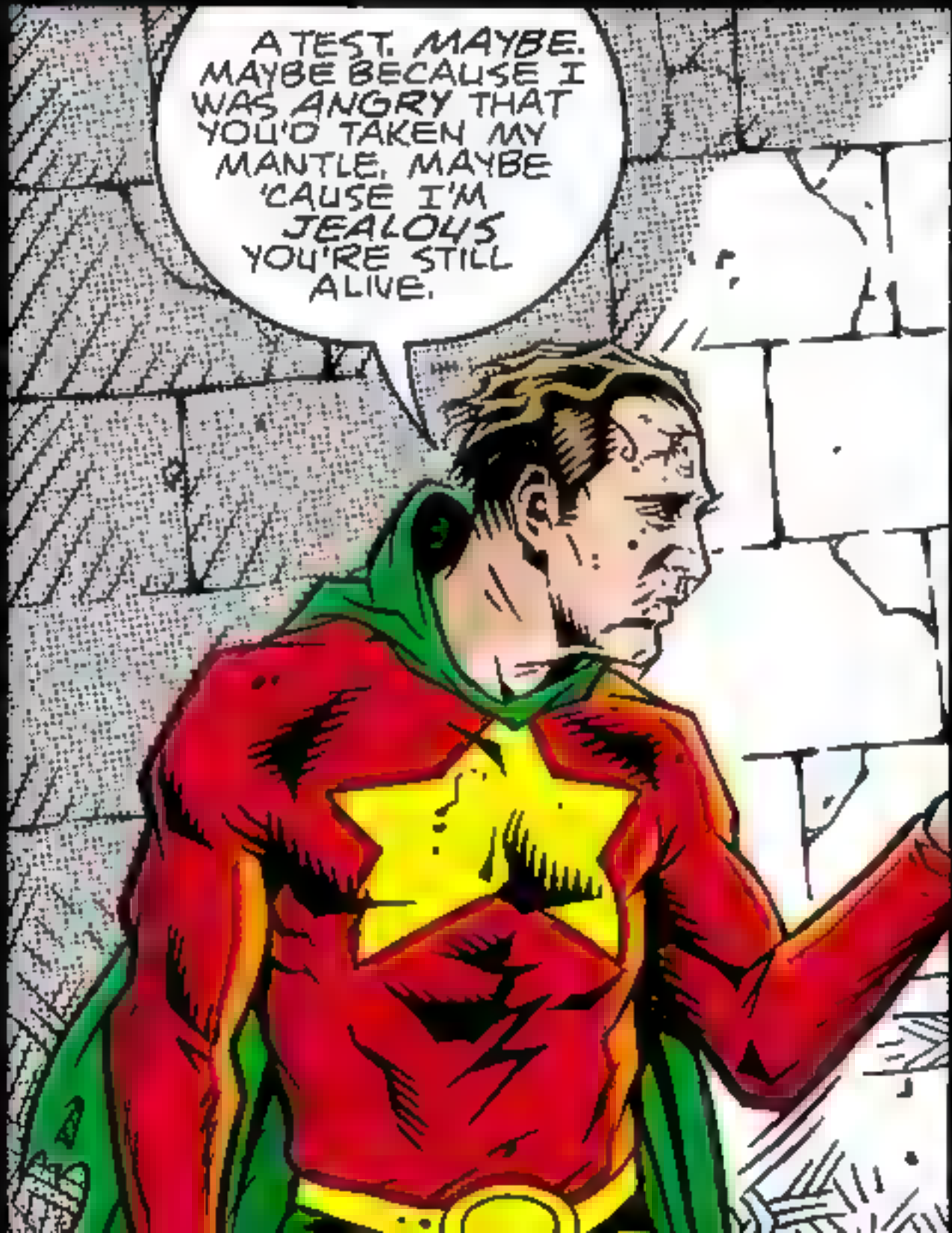
DAVEY, WAS THAT NECESSARY? I THOUGHT WE WERE MAKING NICE NOW.

YEAH, WE ARE. BEING RUDE TO YOU IS JUST SECONDO NATURE. A TOUGH HABIT TO BREAK.



FOR SURE.

WHY DID YOU ATTACK ME, ANYWAY?




A TEST. MAYBE. MAYBE BECAUSE I WAS ANGRY THAT YOU'D TAKEN MY MANTLE, MAYBE 'CAUSE I'M JEALOUS YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.



I WAS FORCED INTO THE ROLE OF STARMAN, DAVE. **PRESSURED.** I DIDN'T GO RUNNING AT IT TO MAKE YOU LOOK BAD.

I KNOW.



I'M SORRY
YOU'RE DEAD, DAVE.
WE MAY NOT HAVE
LIVED WELL TOGETHER,
BUT I NEVER
WANTED YOU
DEAD.

I
GUESS
I'M--

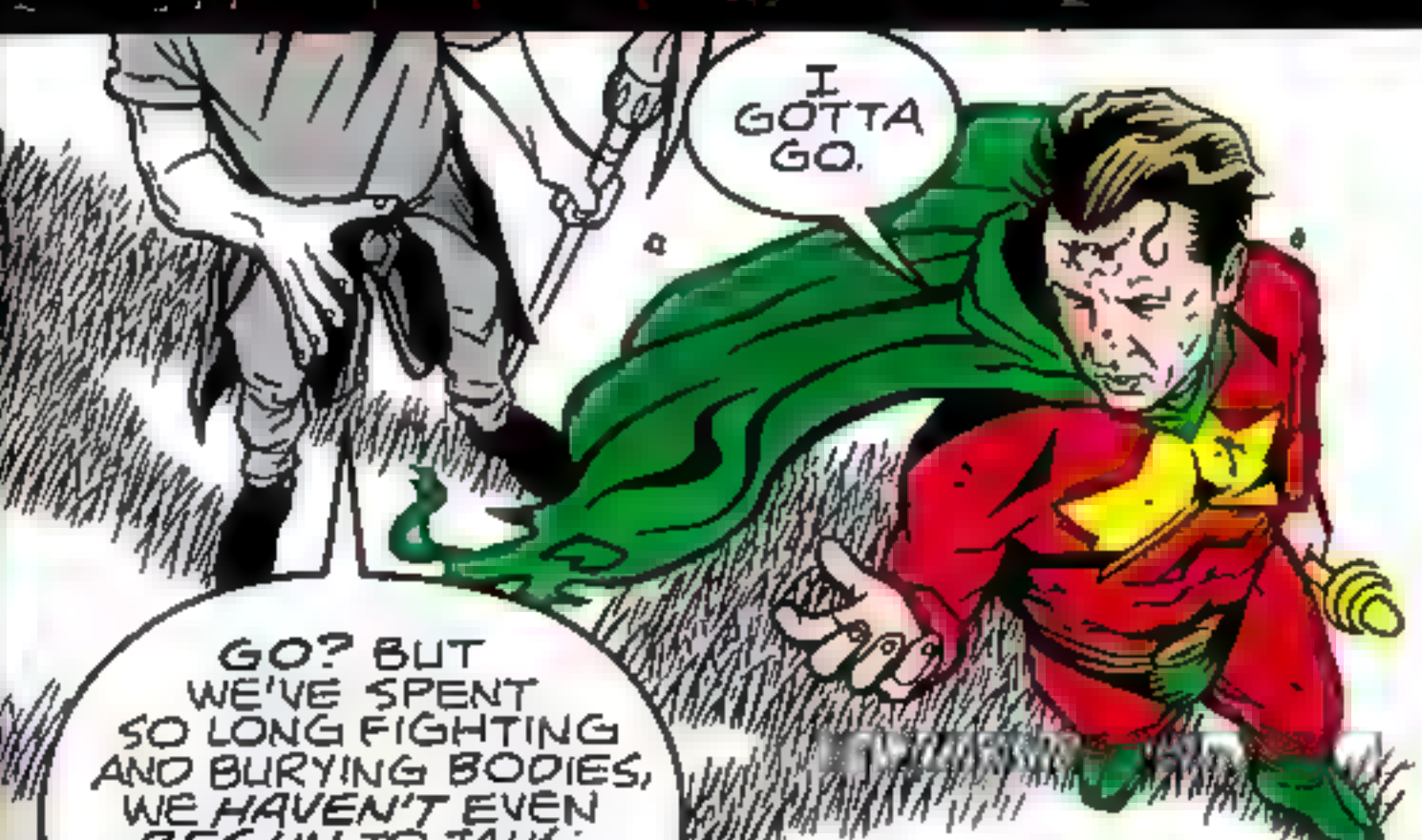


I'M
GLAD I
GOT TO
TELL YOU
THAT.



LOOK...
THERE.
THE SUN'S
COMING
UP.

YEAH,



I
GOTTA
GO.

GO? BUT
WE'VE SPENT
SO LONG FIGHTING
AND BURYING BODIES,
WE HAVEN'T EVEN
BEGUN TO TALK
ABOUT EVERYTHING
WE SHOULD HAVE.



THERE'S
RAGE AND
RESENTMENT
AND LOVE AND
LONGING AND
ALL SORTS
OF MIXED-UP
EMOTIONS
WE HAVE TO
CONFRONT.

AND I'M
GLAD I
GOT TO
HEAR IT.
REALLY.

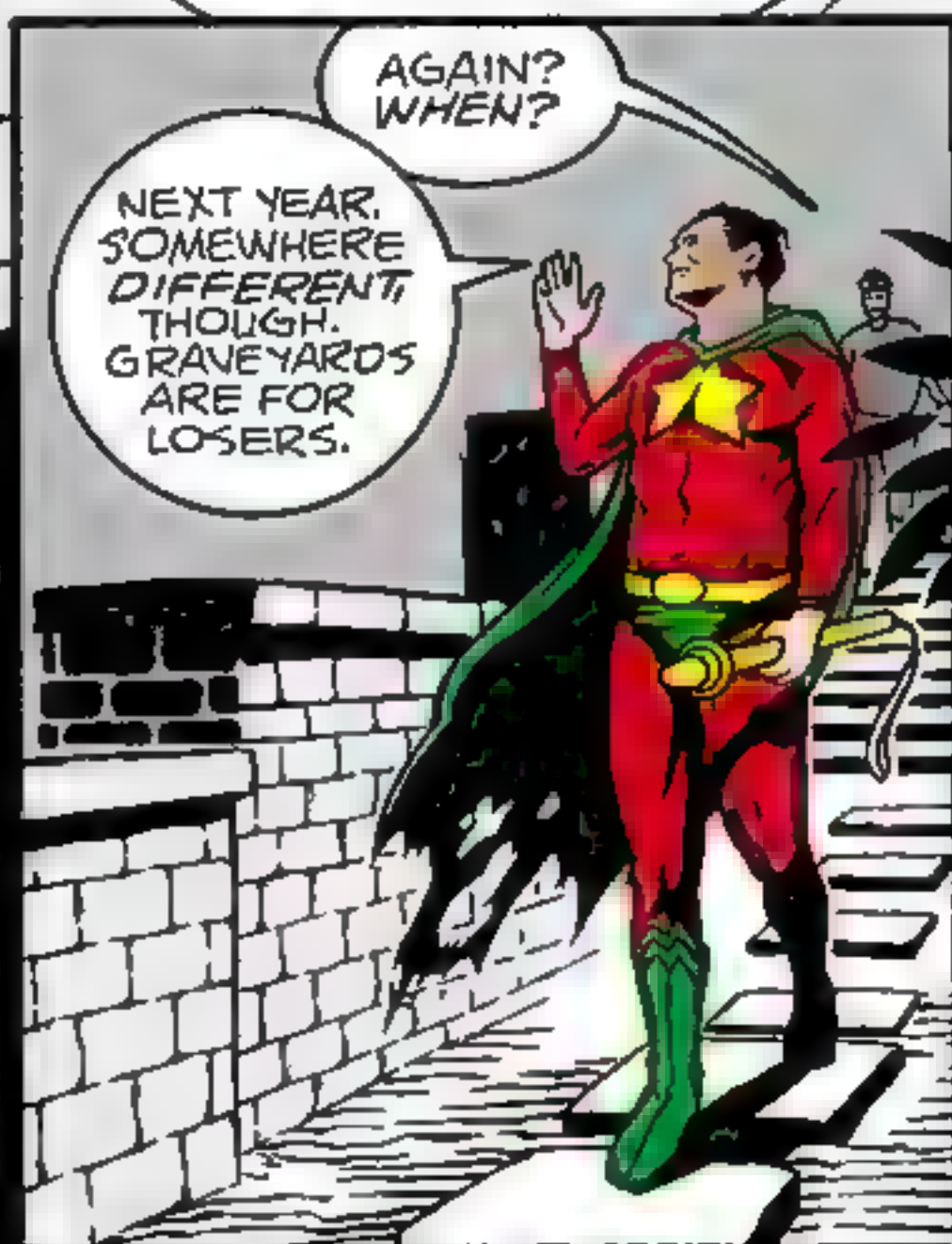


YOU'RE SOUNDING LIKE A DAYTIME TALK SHOW, JACK. AND YOU'RE WRONG. IT'S YOU WHO HAS TO CONFRONT THOSE EMOTIONS. I'M DEAD. I DON'T THINK IN THAT WAY. NOT ANYMORE.



BUT I WANTED TO TELL YOU HOW--

YOU'LL GET THE CHANCE. WE'LL MEET AGAIN. DON'T WORRY.



AGAIN? WHEN?

NEXT YEAR. SOMEWHERE DIFFERENT, THOUGH. GRAVEYARDS ARE FOR LOSERS.



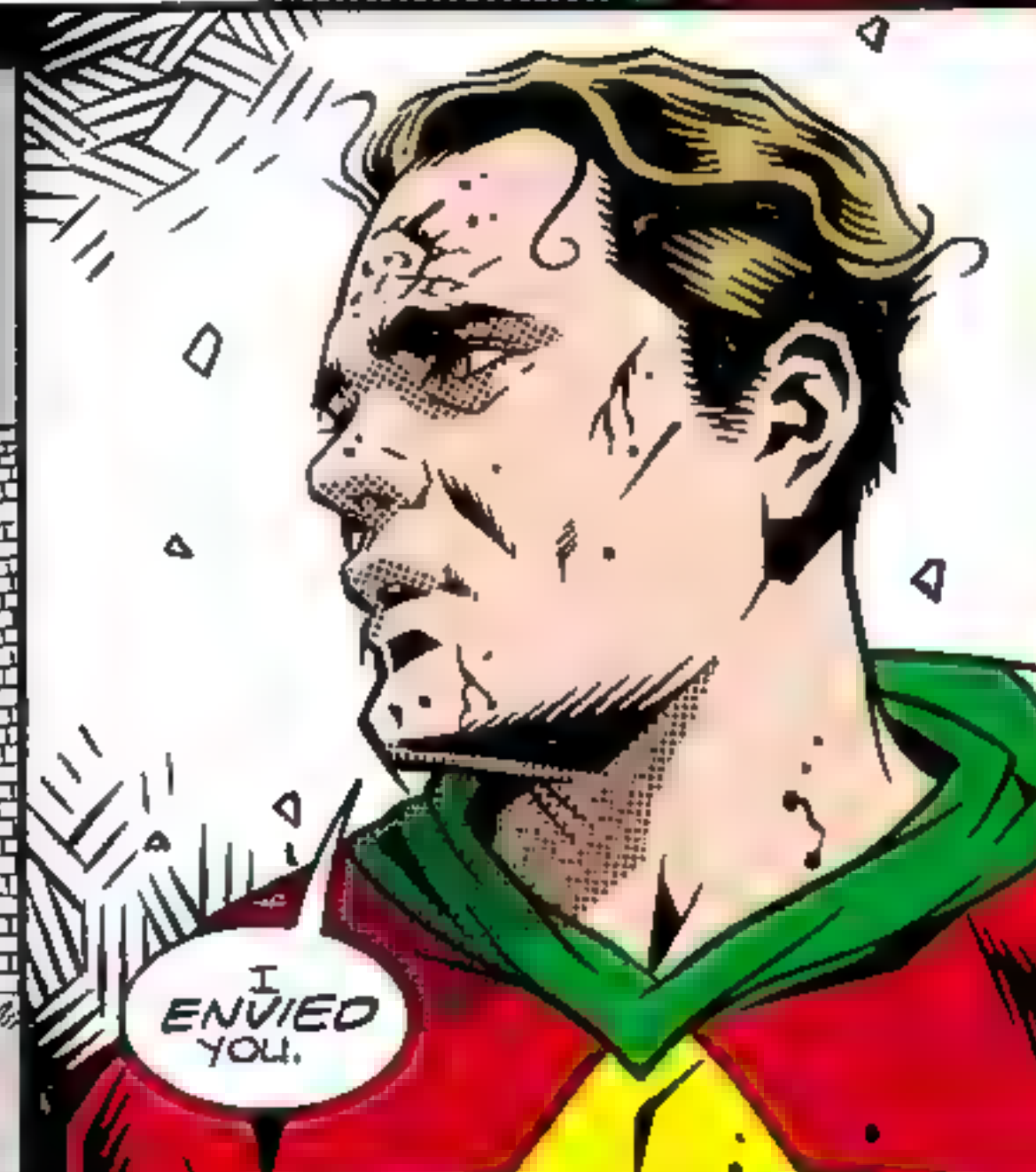
MAYBE A NIGHTCLUB NEXT TIME. OR A TOY FAIR. OR AN AIR SHOW.

OR A NUDE BEACH. I BET WE'D SEE A FEW CONVERSATION-STARTERS IF WE MET THERE.



OH, YEAH, THE ONE THING I DID WANT TO SAY BEFORE I GO IS...

...I NEVER HATED YOU, JACKIE. YOU THOUGHT I DID, BUT NO... IT WASN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL.



I ENVIED YOU.

ME?
BUT YOU WERE
LIKE DAD. YOU
WERE THE SCIENTIFIC,
INTELLIGENT ONE.
YOU HAD
PURPOSE
AND--



I HAD
NOTHING, JACK.
I WAS LOST.
TRYING TO BE LIKE
DAD. DESPERATE
TO HAVE HIS
IDENTITY.

YOU, THE
ONLY AMERICAN
IN OPAL CITY WHO
LIKED JERRY LEWIS
MOVIES, AND YOU
DIDN'T GIVE A
DAMN WHO
KNEW IT.

YOU,
WHO WENT
OUT AND LEARNED
JUIJITSU ALL ON
YOUR OWN. "JUST
CAUSE."

YOU, WHO
LEARNED TO READ
JUST ENOUGH
JAPANESE SO THAT
YOU COULD UNDERSTAND
THAT IMPORT PHOTO
BOOK YOU DUG UP
THAT CATALOGUED
EVERY VARIATION
OF LEVI
JEANS.

YOU, WHO
PAINTED AND
SCULPTED AND
SCRIBBLED AND
DID THE ARTISTIC
THING AND DIDN'T
LET MY NEGATIVE,
MEAN-SPIRITED
REMARKS
DETER
YOU.

YOU,
WHO GOT
A ROOSTER
TATTOOED
ON YOUR
THIGH.



YES, WELL
SOMETIMES
I THINK IT WAS
THE TATTOOIST'S
FIRST, AS WELL
AS MINE.

ERR...YEAH...
BUT IT'S A
PHOENIX.

A PHOENIX? NO.
REALLY? SURE
LOOKS LIKE A
ROOSTER.





WELL, IT'S COLORFUL.



TALKING OF COLOR... DO YOU STILL PAINT?

OH, WELL. MAYBE YOU'LL GET IT BACK ONE DAY.

NO. NOT LATELY. I...UM...LOST THE PASSION. SOME PLACE ALONG THE WAY, IT JUST...WENT.



YOU KNOW, JACK...DAD TOLD ME ONCE THAT HE COULD NEVER STAND TO BE WITH YOU FOR TOO LONG.

THANKS. THAT'S JUST WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR.

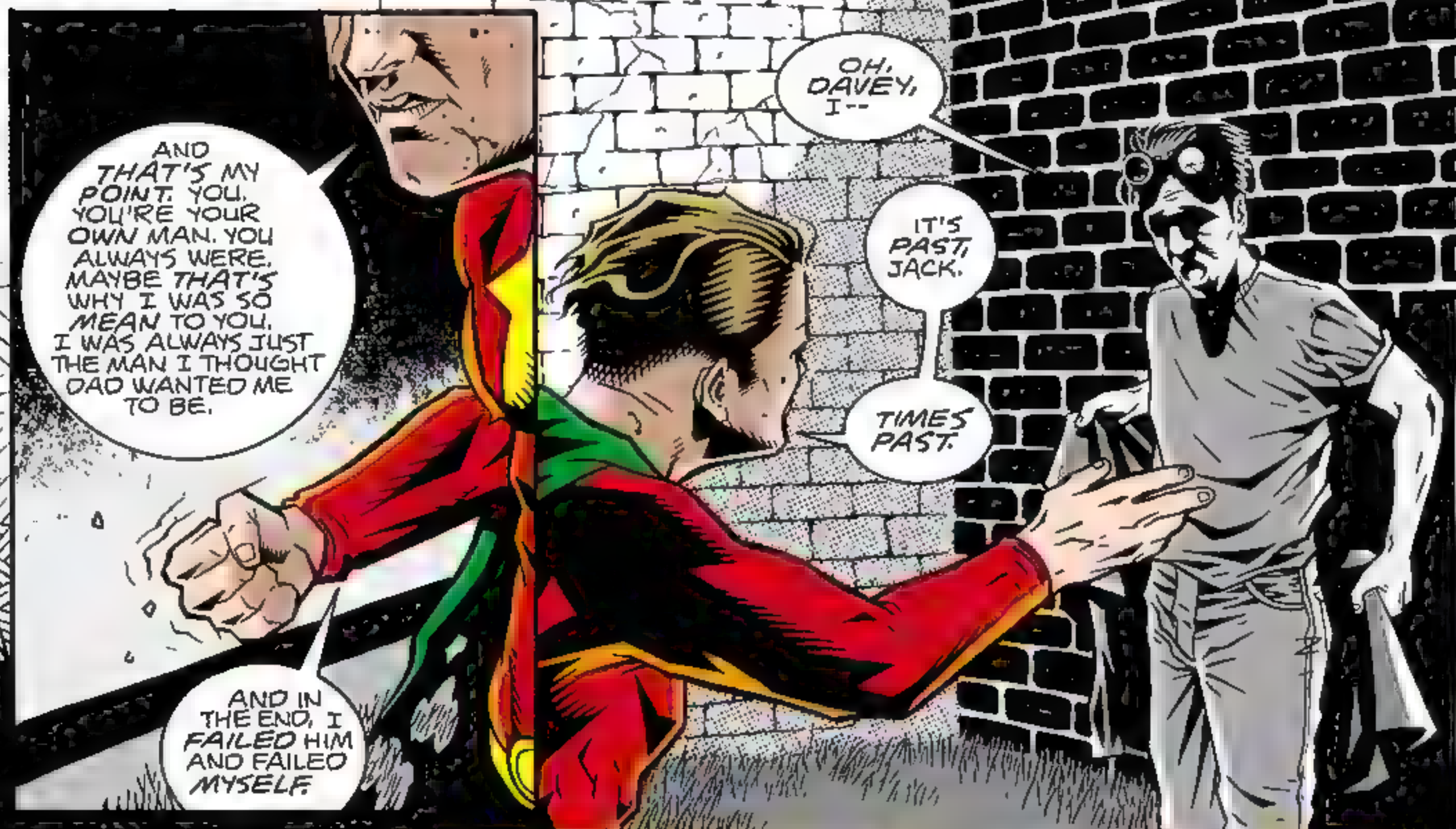


BUT HE ALSO TOLD ME THE REASON WHY. YOU REMIND HIM TOO MUCH OF MOM. YOU LOOK LIKE HER. YOUR MIND IS ALL ABOUT AESTHETICS.

I WISH I'D SEEN HOW COOL THAT WAS...



...WHEN I WAS STILL ALIVE.



AND THAT'S MY POINT. YOU, YOU'RE YOUR OWN MAN. YOU ALWAYS WERE. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I WAS SO MEAN TO YOU. I WAS ALWAYS JUST THE MAN I THOUGHT DAD WANTED ME TO BE.

OH, DAVEY, I--

IT'S PAST, JACK.

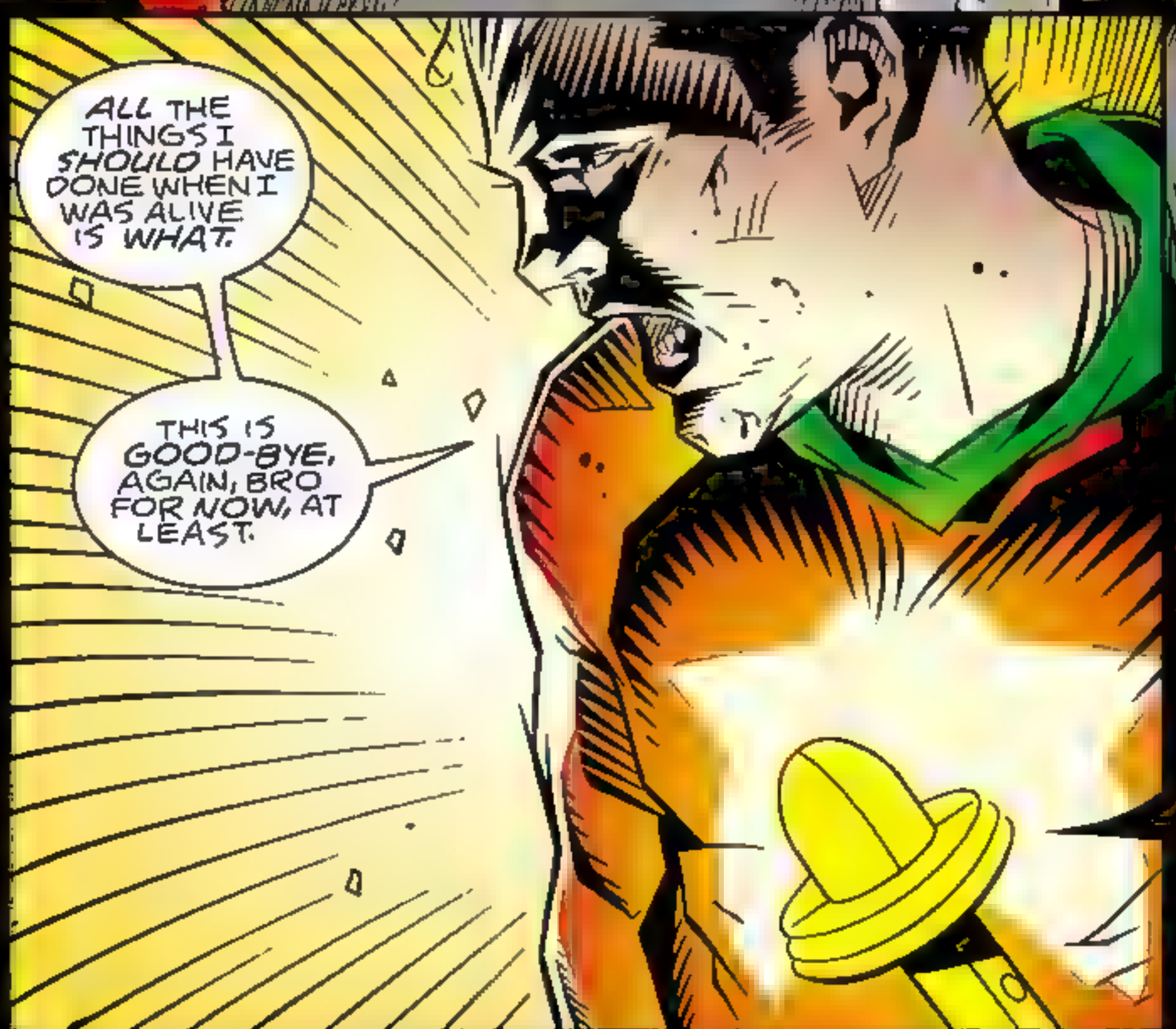
TIMES PAST.

AND IN THE END, I FAILED HIM AND FAILED MYSELF.



ANYWAY, I REALLY DO HAVE TO SPLIT. PLACES TO GO. PEOPLE TO SEE.

WHAT KIND OF THINGS? YOU'RE DEAD. WHAT--



ALL THE THINGS I SHOULD HAVE DONE WHEN I WAS ALIVE IS WHAT.

THIS IS GOOD-BYE, AGAIN, BRO FOR NOW, AT LEAST.



BUT DON'T FORGET... WE'LL MEET AGAIN...



...SAME
TIME
NEXT
YEAR.

H. 94



YEAH...



...THAT
WILL BE
NICE.

All ye on me
Cast an eye
as you are now
so once was I,
as I am now
so you shall
be, Prepare for
Death
and follow me?
1876

Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT
AWESOME
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP